

AND THEATRICAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

ONE PENNY.

PION OF ENGLAND.
d by George Newbold.)

GREAT FIGHT FOR £400, NOLAN AND THOMAS. A SPECIAL EDITION, CONTAINING A FULL ACCOUNT OF THE ABOVE FIGHT

(BY OUR OWN REPORTERS,
AND PORTRAITS OF THE MEN IN FIGHTING ATTITUDE,
From Photographs published by George Newbold.

WILL BE PUBLISHED APRIL 9TH.

The Trade are requested to Order at once for this Special Edition.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

THE UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF THE "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS," and the continued demand for the Book Numbers, has induced the proprietors to reprint the first four numbers, to enable subscribers to complete their sets; they will also be issued in a Part, stitched in a neat wrapper, price only 5d.; free by post for six stamps.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN NO. 1.

- Portrait of Jem Mace, Champion of England, with Cup and Belt.
- Jem Mace in Fighting Attitude.
- Bob Brette in Fighting Attitude.
- The Subscription List at Fetter-sall's.
- Scene from "The Life of an Actress," now playing at the Adelphi Theatre.

ILLUSTRATIONS IN NO. 2.

- Portrait of Bob Brette, with Cup and Belt.
- Mace and King's Benefit at Hackney Wick.
- Brette and Rookes going to Seale.
- Bob Travers, Talking Overboard the "Gratitude" on the Return.
- Portrait of Tom King.
- Portrait of Dendford.
- Portrait of Lang, of Middleborough.

And all the Sporting and Theatrical News of the Week.

N.B.—As it is impossible to continue to keep these numbers in print, subscribers are earnestly requested to order at once of their news-vendors. Office, 136, Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, London, and all News-vendors.

OMISSIONS.

In consequence of the immense demands, which have been pouring in from all parts for the present number, we are compelled to go to press some hours before our usual time. We beg our subscribers to accept this as an apology for the omission of the late news they have been accustomed to find in the preceding numbers.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Three copies of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS can be forwarded to any part of the United Kingdom for One Penny postal note. This offers to subscribers residing in remote districts the opportunity of making arrangements so as to receive papers direct from the office at an almost nominal rate of transmission.

THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS being established for the purpose of assisting our sports and pastimes correspondents from all quarters, on every condition, we are anxious to be addressed to "THE EDITOR," who will give them their early and earnest consideration.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS AND ARTISTS.—We shall at all times be glad to receive good photographs and sketches of interesting sporting scenes and characters.

AN AMATEUR.—An Amateur Photographer does not seem to be aware that we publish more than one edition of THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING NEWS. He can be assisted in this by writing to the Editor, who will be glad to send him the necessary information.

E. W. MILLS.—If you forward your address, and D. S. in the postage stamps, we will forward you the only recognized paper for attaining athletic vigour.

BOREYAN.—You will find that we shall not neglect the branch of illustration you refer to. There is nothing particularly noteworthy in the form of the book you wish to see.

WITH LANCASHIRE.—An answer in our next, as we have not had time to do so.

FISHERMAN (Cardiff).—Pyrrhus the First; Sir Tattler Sykes' 7. Oaks; Mendicant; Laundrymaid 2.

PHILOPOT (Drompton).—We have inquired at many places, but have not obtained it. We will let you know, under this head, at the earliest opportunity.

JAMES SHORROCK (Pace House, Headley-street, Preston).—We were bound to place implicit faith in our correspondents' account of Mace and King's appearance in Preston, and we are sorry to find that the latter was not taking the name, however, of a provincial local boxer might easily be done; but without regard to a judgment of science we will back our correspondents against all comers, and we would have produced many capable of being most happy to hear from you at all times, tending information in your town, as we have no resident correspondent there, and your style is very honorable and straightforward; we are glad to find that all human beings are liable to be so.

THEATICAL.

F. R. B.—We are reluctantly compelled to refuse our theatricals this week; your contributions will be acceptable to all.

DRAMATISTS.—Such contributions as you have forwarded will always find a place in our columns.

AQUATICS.

PADDY GARRETT.—We shall give our copy of the Oxford and Cambridge Race, and you may depend on it being put into the style you so justly ridicule.

MISCELLANEOUS.

POSTAL RATES.—D. H.—The number is diminished, as long as the weight is under 4 oz.

BELLARS.—J. R.—Although anything but scientific, play the cannon can be declined.

ANGLING.—JOHN JONES.—Many thanks for the compliment you pay us. 1. Below the joint, the distance is governed by the taste of the angler. If you want some little (or much) to be put into the water, make the line almost as long as the fish.

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dom to the other, as familiar as household words. In 23 rounds, 35min., another easy victory was achieved by Sayers, who was next matched against one of the most skillful boxers of the day—Nat Langham. Tom had such a superabundance of flesh that he was plinked upon to such a degree that he speedily became blind, and suffered his only defeat in 61 rounds, 2h. 2min. Nat at this time kept the Cambrian Stores, Castle-street, Leicester-square; and Tom, the Bricklayers' Arms, Camden-town. They disputed about the title of champion of the middle weights, but Langham, although a winner, resigned it to Tom through ill health; and, finding no customer handy to tackle him, Tom staked £20 to £2½ to fight George Simms, over whom he gained an easy conquest. Some badgering between Tom and Paddock never came to anything, and our hero met Harry Poulson, of Nottingham, for £50 a side, Jan. 29, 1856, at Appleby, and fought 3h. 3min., during which 109 rounds were contested. Tom, in this battle, was nearly 11st, at which weight he was never good, and was obliged to resort to a little tumbling in order to gain time. Succeeding in blinding Poulson, so he won his battle. Victory seemed fettered to his standard. After a long and motionless inaction of twelve months he once more entered the cords, flushed with as much hope as ever as to his innate capabilities of success. This time his adversary was Aaron Jones; they fought for £100 a side, 62 rounds, 3h., banks of the Medway, Jan. 6, 1857. Both men were much punished, and darkness coming on the fight was adjourned. The renewed battle was decided on the 19th of the succeeding February, with the addition of a bet of £100 a side, besides the aforesaid stakes. On this occasion they fought 2h. 35 rounds, when once again Tom's star was in the ascendant. In his endeavour to convince the public that he had a sure title to be considered the hero of the middle-weight division, and ambitious of better things likewise, he tackled Bill Perry, the Tipton Slasher, for £200 a side and the champion's belt. Ten rounds were fought in the Isle of Grain, on the 10th of June, 1857; and then he became the leading man of the epoch, having given the *coup de grace* to the Staffordshire boxer in easy style at the finish. Paddock being about this time attacked with rheumatism, he let the opportunity go by, and Harry Broom found a novice for Tom in Bill Bainge, otherwise Benjamin, on the Isle of Grain, January 6th, 1858. Three rounds, in 6min. sufficed for Tom to practice, to his heart's content, against the countryman, who was compelled to cry a go thus early. Paddock still had an inkling to try his hand, but could only find friends to back him for £150 a side. The match was agreed to by Sayers, who wanted more fish to his net, and they met at Canary Island on the anniversary of the day Tom met the Slasher in the previous year. It was a lucky omen, and once again Sayers sang the *Te Deum* in 30m., 21 rounds, all the steel being cut of the Redlich neccul-maker, despite his gameness and pluck. Benjamin "came that way again" on the 6th of April, 1859, near Ashford, £200 a side, and fought 22m., 11 rounds. Sayers was in bad condition, but yet managed to pull through, despite the other's improved tactics which he had received at the hands of Nat Langham and Bendigo, of Nottingham, a whilom champion some years back. Running down to Birmingham on a sparring exhibition for a benevolent purpose, Tom was bested with the gloves by Bob Brettie, and a match between them resulted. The Londoner fought the countryman £400 to £200, in the Sussex hog country, on the 20th of September, 1859. A bet was also laid of £200 to £200 that Tom would not win in 10m., and this wager the latter very properly never attempted to win. Brettie injured his arm in 7 rounds, 15m., and so was compelled to resign the contest; and had it been otherwise nothing could have stopped him being beaten, and that most easily too, as after circumstances have most amply proved; and it is a sad pity Brettie did not then retire from the ring, as he might have done, with something like credit to himself. Now he betook himself to training for Heenan. First he went to Brighton, his old favourite quarters; then to Newmarket, in company with the renowned trainer, Bob Fuller. All recollect the magistrates refused to grant a warrant against him, yet he had some difficulty in getting clear of the place, and he was only got safely to London by being placed in a horse-van belonging to Mr. S. Rogers, the Duke of Bedford's head jockey, and taken by post horses some distance on the road, where, in a suitable disguise, he was able to make his appearance at a railway station, and thus got safely to the metropolis. As usual, Harry Branton, the well-known host of the City Music Hall, Beech-street, Barbican, passed the last fortnight in his company, and Morrissey, who had, as we have before stated, beat Heenan, also visited him. The height of Sayers is 5ft. 5in., and his fighting weight, when in good condition, between 10st 10lb and 12st 10lb—the nearer the former the better. His limbs, neck, and shoulders are powerfully developed, but somewhat wanting below deck.

THE CAREER OF THE BENICIA BOY.

Heenan first saw the light in the year 1834, in the Naval Arsenal at Troy, United States, where his father was employed in the laboratory department of the gun factory as a charger of shells. His father and mother were both Irish. At an early age he became a forgerman at Benicia, from whence he took his nick-name; and it was while working here that he from time to time displayed little powers of no ordinary quality. With the true Hibernian blood in him, he had several turns up in California, and when he got to New York he was fortunate to secure an inspectorship of Customs under Government, but this after his defeat by Morrissey. His first training quarters were fixed at Salisbury, but busybodies were about, and hunted about he was, we regret to say, while his opponent took his breathings in clover, as it were, from that cathedral city to Bathampton; from thence to Penlake, near Bedford, and after that to Trent Lock, near Nottingham, where Bendigo, Dick Hall, and others



TOM SAYERS.

trained at. Here he was arrested and bound over, himself in £20 and two sureties of £25 each. He is 6ft 14in. in height, possesses excellent shoulders, a fine chest and back, but his limbs are, for his height, decidedly slack. His head is well set on; his neck good; his arms long, lean, and muscular; his understanding, too, are long, and made in Nature's best mould, being quite straight and very sinewy.

IN THE RING.

A special from London Bridge, at four o'clock in the morning, speedily conveyed us to Farnborough, leaving behind mounted patrol for miles down the line as we passed, until we were out of the jurisdiction of the metropolitan police. There were two trains, containing nearly 1,200 spectators. Harry Branton and Jemmy Welsh (of the Griffin Stores, Church-street, Borough) seconded Sayers; and Jack Macdonald and Cusick waited upon Heenan. The men shook hands very cordially, and conversed for a few minutes. On being stripped, in size it looked a horse to a hen. Heenan stood full 4½in. over Tom, and had an immense advantage in length. Every muscle on his broad back, his shoulders, and arms, was well developed, and gave evidence of enormous power. His legs were rather light, but still there was no lack of wire and activity. His skin was exceedingly fair and transparent, and shone like a thorough-bred. Tom looked as hard as nails, and was in the best condition we ever saw him—a proof of what he deemed the importance of the occasion. His limbs and legs looked cast in a better mould than his opponent's. The contrast between the men was far greater than between Tom and the Tipton Slasher; and, taking into consideration that the advantage in age on this occasion was rather way, Tom's work seemed indeed cut out. Heenan won the toss for choice of corners, and placed his back to the sun. In addition to this he had the advantage of being on slightly rising ground, so that Tom had all the way through to fight up hill. Time was called at 22min. past 7, and they commenced.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1—Heenan at once threw himself into very fair position, his left well balanced ready for a shock, and the right across the body. Tom's position was the same as ever, lightly but firmly planted on his pins. He smiled and nodded, and on Heenan trying to lead off his left got well back. Heenan tried again, his reach being tremendous, but again did Tom get well away. Tom now essayed a draw, but the Boy was leary. Each feinted and tried to find out a weak point, but for a short time each fortress was too well guarded. At last Tom let go his left and right, but out of distance. Heenan shook his head and grinned, and then again tried a lead, but was short. They got gradually to Heenan's corner, who appeared disposed to fight on the defensive, and the sun being in Tom's eyes seemed to bother him not a little. At length they came together, and sharp left-handers were exchanged. Tom getting on the Boy's nose, drawing first blood, and Heenan leaving his sign manual on Tom's forehead. Heavy counter this followed, Tom again getting on the conk, and receiving on the nut. More sparring ensued to a close, when Heenan seized Tom round the neck, but Tom pegged away at the back of his head until he made him leave that, and Tom fell laughing.

Round 2—Heenan showed marks of Tom's handiwork on the back of his neck, and Tom's forehead was flushed. Heenan kept to his corner, whither Tom went to draw him out. When he thought Tom was near enough the Boy lunged out his left, but Tom stopped him and got back. The Boy tried again, and just reached Tom's nose. After one or two feints a pretty counter took place, Tom getting on the nose and receiving one over the right eye. Heenan then closed, got well hold of him, and threw the champion, falling heavily on him. Offers to take 2 to 1.

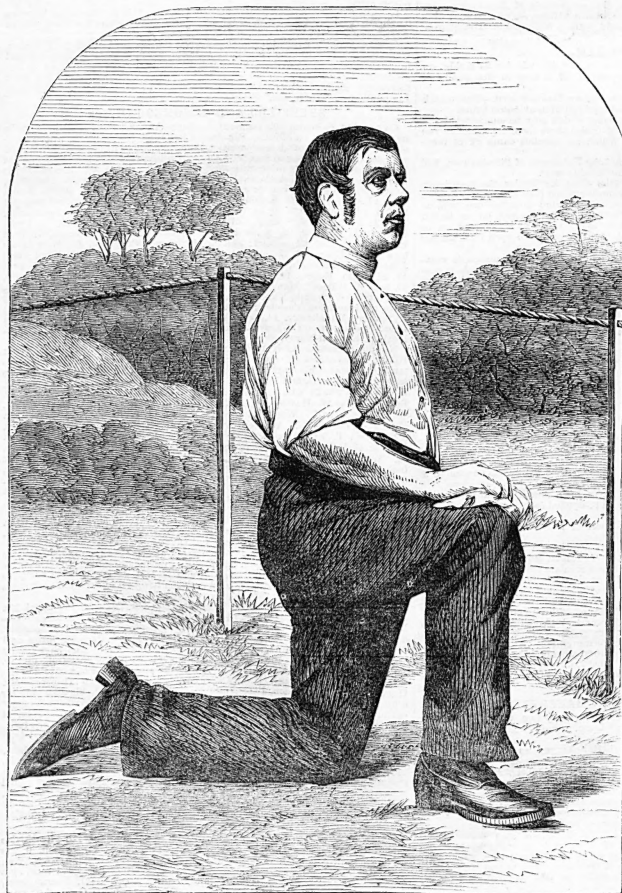
Round 3—After a little lively niddling Tom got too near to the big 'un, who instantly slung out his left straight and full on the bridge of Tom's back, knocking him clean off his pins. (First knock down for Heenan.)

Round 4—Tom, on coming up, looked rather astonished, and his eyes blinked in the sun like a disipated owl. Heenan went at once to him at the scratch, dodged him, and once more planted a heavy spank with his left, this time on the jaw, and down went Tom again, amidst the shouts of the Yankees, who now offered 6 to 4 on Heenan. The Sayers' party looked exceedingly blue.

Round 5—Tom's mug showed visible marks of the Boy's powers of hitting. He was cautious, and kept away from his man. Jack followed, and, letting go his left on the mouth, was well countered by Tom on the proboscis. Heenan now bored in, and, after dodging Tom, got again heavily on the sneezer, and Tom fell.

Round 6—Tom's countenance, though not swelled still was much flushed, while the Boy was almost scatheless. He was somewhat wild, and tried both hands, but missed. Counter hits ensued, in which Tom received the full weight of Heenan's ponderous fist on his right arm, which was driven back against his face. Tom reached Heenan's left cheek, leaving his mark. Heenan retaliated on the right brow, and Tom fell.

Round 7—Tom's right peeper displayed marks of pepper, and it was perceptible that he had sustained severe injury to his right arm, which was beginning to swell, and which he now kept close to his body, as if to support it. Still he went to Heenan in his corner, and that hero delivered his hit, but not effectively, on the chest. Tom danced away, and, as he turned round, napped a little one from the right on his back. He was quickly out of harm's way, and, coming again dodged his man until he let fly, when Tom countered him heavily on the right cheek, drawing the claret, and raising a considerable lump. The blow staggered Heenan, who stood all of a heap for a moment. Soon did he collect himself, and, as Tom came again, lodged a little one on the nose, but



HARRY BRANTON.



JEMMY WELSH.

(From photographs published by George Newbold.)

was once more countered very heavily on the right cheek, whereupon Heenan went to his corner for a wipe. He seemed in no hurry to come away, and Tom stood in the middle of the ring until the boy went slowly to him, and tried his left, but it was no go. He tried again, but only just reached Tom's brow. Tom now feinted and got home on the right peeper, Heenan missing an upper cut. Tom again away, came again on another tack, and bang went his left on the sore spot—a heavy spunk, and he was instantly out of danger, laughing. Heenan rushed after him, but was well stopped, thrice in succession. Again and again Tom went to him, and bawled his efforts to effect a lodgment, and then Heenan napped another slashing crack on the right cheek, which had the effect of at once closing his dexter goggle. He retreated for a wipe, and was followed by Tom, and some mutual and cautious dodging and feinting took place. At last Heenan got on the top of Tom's snuffler, but not heavily, and Tom then avoided another attempt. Once more did Heenan retire to Jack Macdonald for consolation and advice, Tom walking round and eyeing him in an inquisitive manner, as if admiring his handwork. Tom, after satisfying his curiosity, went close, and slight exchanges followed, without mischief. Heenan tried his left and was stopped. Both very cautious, and neither disposed to go within gun-shot. Heenan now led off, and got slightly on the mouth with his left, Tom retreating on the closed peeper. Mutual taps and stops, and then Tom got his left heavily on the old spot another cracker, whereupon Jack once more retired to the privacy of his own corner, amidst cries of 2 to 1 on Sayers. Tom, after a few turns and a touch of the sponge, went to him, but Heenan shook his no, and seemed disinclined for work. Tom, finding he could not draw him, retreated, whereupon the boy came out and let go his left viciously, which was beautifully stopped. He then feinted, and got well on the bridge of Tom's snorer as he was retreating, and again knocked him off his pins. Tom rolled over laughing, and was carried to his corner. This round lasted 13 min., and was a fine specimen of stratagem and skill, especially on the part of Tom. His right arm now was much swollen, and to painful that he could make little or no use of it.

Round 8—Tom slowest to the call of time, but directly he was at the scratch, the boy retired to his corner, whither Tom had to follow him. Heenan at once let go his left, but Tom laughed and jumped back. A slight exchange followed, and Tom napped a straight one on the snuffler. Heenan now missed a couple of well-meant shots, and Tom jumped away from the third, and as he turned his back upon Heenan, got a right-hander on the back of his neck. Heenan followed him up, but Tom grinned and got nimbly away. His activity on his pins was as remarkable as ever. Heenan pursued him, and at last lodged his left slightly on the muzzle, and once more turned on the tap. Tom, however, countered him on the damaged cheek, which caused the boy to retire, for the kind offices of Jack Macdonald. On Tom's going to him he let go his left on the knisser, drawing the carmine, and this led to pretty exchanges at long shots on the cheek. Heenan at this time appeared weak, and the hopes of the Sayers' party were greatly in the ascendant. Heenan preferred his corner to the scratch, and Tom had some difficulty in persuading him to leave. This he at last accomplished, and some beautiful stops were made on both sides. Another break-away ensued, after which they countered effectively, but Tom was heaviest on the right cheek, which was now swelled as big as two. Heenan's blow alighted on Tom's oration trap, and drew more of the ruby. On trying to repeat this lodgment Tom stopped him cleverly. Capital exchanges followed, in which Tom was again at home on the cheek very heavily. Heenan rushed at him, but Tom was away, and, after once or twice being bawled, Heenan retired to his own corner. After Tom had scrutinised him carefully he rubbed his hands and went to him, whereupon Heenan let fly his left, but Tom got well away, laughing. Heenan shook his head, and also laughed good humouredly. Tom now crept in, and pop went his left on the plague spot, and off went the champion, laughing. More dodging and stoppage on both sides, until Tom was once more on the cheek a slogger. Heenan retaliated sharply on the bridge of the snout, and was stopped in a second attempt, and Tom nailed him on the right cheek very heavily, and got away. Heenan tried to take the lead, but Tom jumped back. The boy, persevering, got well on the forehead, but was unsuccessful in a second essay. The first was sufficient to leave a bump on the gallant Tom. More sparring until a severe counter exchange took place, in which Tom got a hot nut on the whistler, which shook his ivorys, and turned on a fresh tap. It was a staggerer, but Tom recovered and went to his man, when more severe encounters were interchanged. Heenan gutting another run one on the cheek, and dropping his left with effect on Tom's snuffler. Both now indulged in a wipe, and washed their mouths out. They came again like plants refreshed, and each in turn tried a lead, but each was well stopped. Tom's right arm, from the continual stopping such a heavy cannonade as Heenan's, was now much discoloured and swollen, and utterly useless for all purposes of hitting, and he was thus deprived of his principal weapon. After a good deal of this another heavy exchange followed, in which Tom was at home on the old spot, and Heenan on the jaw heavily, knocking Tom once more off his pins. This round lasted 20 min., and was a splendid specimen of milling on both sides. Tom's nose and mouth were bleeding, but both his eyes were well open. His arm was his chief drawback. Heenan's right eye had been long closed, his cheek was fearfully swollen, and his mouth was also somewhat out of the perpendicular.

Round 9—Heenan came up as if he intended to force the fighting. He led off viciously, but Tom got well away. The boy followed him closely, and at last got on Tom's gob, drawing more of the juice. He followed suit on the snuffler-tray, and counter hits ensued, in which each did mischief. Heenan continued to bore in, and at last Tom, after getting a little one on the back, dropped, laughing.



JOHN C. HEENAN.

Round 10—Tom was very slow to the call of time, and appeared to want nursing. It was evidently heavy work struggling against such superior metal. He stood in the middle of the ring until Heenan went to him, when slight counter hits were exchanged, after which they closed. Heenan lifted Tom from the ground, and threw him heavily with the greatest ease.

Round 11—Tom, again very much behindhand in coming to time, and the friend of Heenan did not appear to be in much of a hurry. When they did come up Tom had to go into Heenan's corner. After a dodge or two, Tom got his right on the good eye rather heavily, but it was not such a right-hander as of yore, and evidently gave him pain. Heenan returned on the chest, and Tom fell.

Round 12—"Time, time!" neither too ready. On Sayers at last facing his man, Heenan caught him, but not very heavily, on the jaw, and dropped on the saving suit.

Round 13—Heenan, first to leave his second's knee, now went to Tom, and, after a dodge or two, popped in the left very straight on poor Tom's conk, once more knocking him clean off his legs. He turned round, on returning to his corner, and, looking to Mr. Falkland, his umpire, exclaimed, "That's one for you, Fred." Offers were now made to lay 5 to 4 on Heenan, but the takers seemed scarce.

Round 14—Tom, very weak, came up cautiously and slowly, his back being large enough for two. Heenan, seeing Tom's state, tried to force the fighting, but Tom got cleverly out of difficulty. Heenan followed him up, and popped in a rattler on the throat, without a return. He paused, and then sent in a little one on the bent bottle, but Tom countered him well and straight on the nose, drawing the crimson in confusion. Heenan, nothing daunted, let go his left, and was stopped. He then swung round his right heavily on the jaw. They got to close quarters, and some heavy in-fighting took place, in which Tom was very busy. At length, both went down heavily, Heenan under.

Round 15—Neither seemed in a hurry to leave his second's knee, but Tom was slowest in answering the call. Heenan at once went to him, got the left well on the proboscis, and his right on the jaw, and down again fell the champion in a heap.

Round 16—Tom shook himself together, but was very cautious. He spared as if requiring rest, until Heenan came in, when slight exchange took place, Tom getting it on the nose and Heenan on the whistler, but neither very heavy. Heenan then made a sudden dart, and, planting very heavily on Tom's mouth, once more knocked him off his legs. [Load cheese for Heenan.]

Round 15—Tom did not display many marks from his repeated knock down blows, but came up smiling, although somewhat tired. Heenan's mug was decidedly the most disfigured, being so much swollen. Heenan took the lead, but did not get heavily on. He tried again with his right, but the blow passed over Tom's nob. Counter hits followed on the nose, in which Tom's delivery was the most effective, but Tom was down.

Round 18—Very slight exchanges, followed by a heavy counter, in which Heenan's whiskers came in for pepper, and Tom got it slightly on the nose and fell.

Round 19—Tom slow to time; Heenan not in a hurry. At last, on facing one another, Heenan went into a close, and, throwing Tom, fell on him.

Round 20—Heenan followed Tom, who was on the retreat, and after one or two dodges caught him on the jaw heavily with his right. He tried again, but Tom jumped back. Still he persevered, and heavy exchanges followed at close quarters, and both were in the end down at the ropes.

Round 21—Tom very slow, which Heenan seeing, dashed at him, slung out the left on the nose, and again floored the champion.

Round 22—Tom seemed none the worse for the floorers, but it rather seemed to do him good, for he came fresher, which Heenan seeing, he retired to his corner. Tom followed and tried to deliver, but missed, and the Benicia Boy dropped him with another straight one on the jaw. Heenan's left hand was now much puffed, and did not seem to leave such impressions as formerly.

Round 23—The time was very badly kept on both sides, and there were now complaints that the Benicia Boy was allowed a stool in the ring. An appeal was made to the referee, who at once ordered its removal, as contrary to the laws. Heenan rushed at Tom, who retreated and got one on the back. Tom then turned round and missed his right. They closed, and Tom pegged away merrily on the nose and left cheek, and in the end both down. Tom under. 11. 11. m. had now elapsed.

Round 24—The Benicia Boy first up, tried his left, by a sudden dart, but was stopped. An attempt with the right just landed on the side of Tom's nut, and he fell. [5 to 4 on Heenan still offered.]

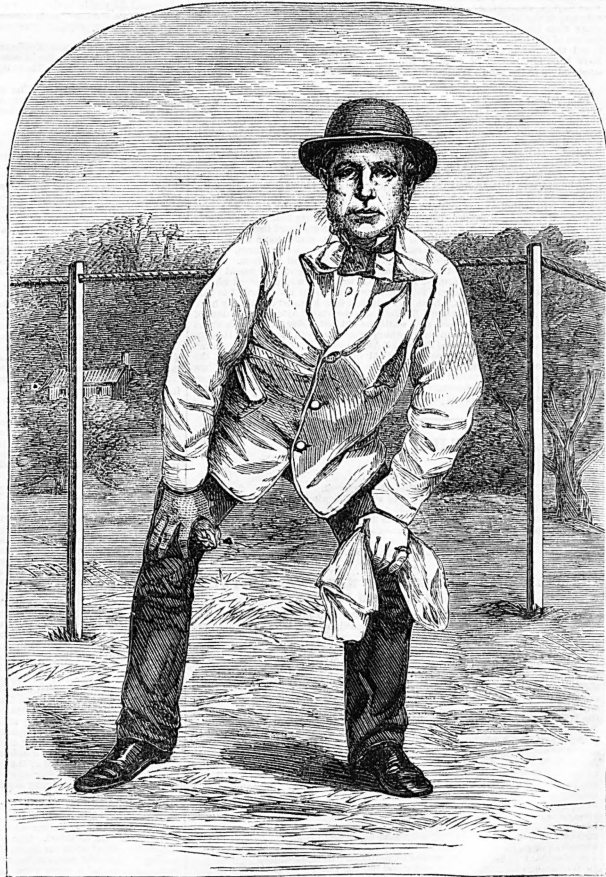
Round 25—Tom, very weak, came up slow, but cheerful. He waited the attack, which was not long in coming, and, after getting a little one on the side of the head, Tom popped his left very heavily on the snout, drawing more home-brewed. Heenan, wild, rushed in and boxed Tom down.

Round 26—Tom, fresh, came up gaily, and tried to lead off with his left, but the boy stopped him prettily. Another effort landed on Heenan's good eye. Heenan, in return, planted a rattler on Tom's jaw with his right, which staggered him, and was all but a knock down blow. Tom soon shook himself together, whereupon the boy let fly his left, but Tom was well away. Following up, the boy got on Tom's chest, but not heavily. Exchanges: Heenan on the later part, and Tom on the nose, a smasher, each drawing the cork. Heavy counters followed with the left, and they broke away. The boy came again, and got on Tom's snorer heavily with his left, once more staggering him. Twice after this did Tom stop Heenan's right, and they closed. After some slight fighting Tom fell, Heenan hitting him when down. An appeal of foul was over-ruled, the blow being obviously accidental.

Round 27—The boy came up determined, and led off; but Tom was away



CUSICK.



JOHNNY MACDONALD.

(From Photographs published by George Newbold.)

any amount on receipt of cash, from 2s. upwards. Enclose a directed stamped envelope.

